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1915



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CLOVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL



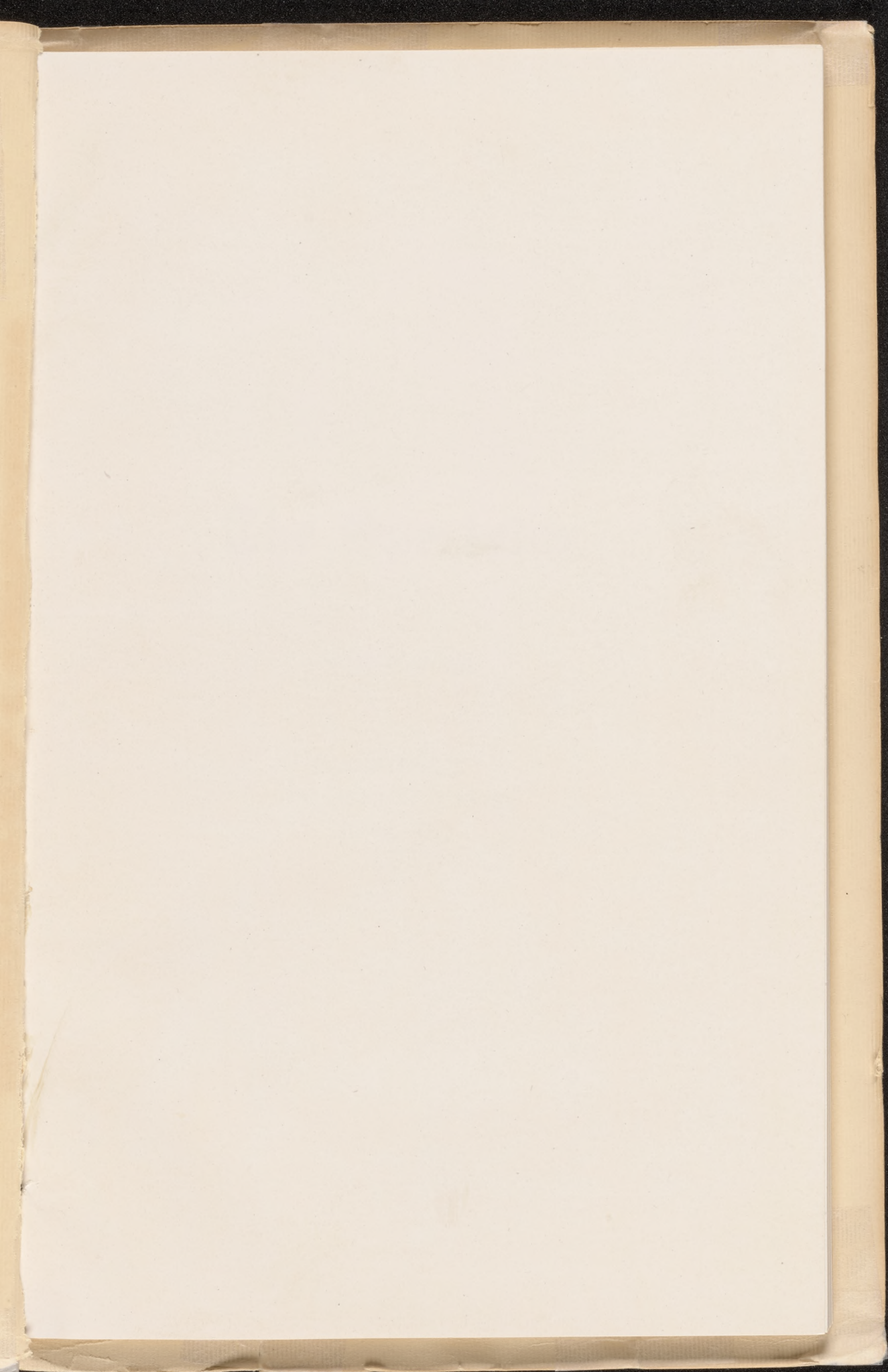
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CLOVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL











# The Spectator

PUBLISHED BY THE

CLOVERDALE  
UNION HIGH SCHOOL  
JUNE, 1915



# Greetings

to the

Readers

and

Patrons

of

The Spectator





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To

**Our Graduate**

We, the Staff of 1915

affectionately dedicate this issue

...of...

**The Spectator**









Ahrens Butler Thompson Dellenbaugh Sedley DeHay Hale Barnes



Ahrens Butler Thompson Dellenbaugh Sedgley DeHay Hale Barnes



...Staff...

GENEVIEVE PHELAN	- - - - -	Editor
MADGE DELLENBAUGH	- - - - -	Assistant Editor
LOIS McMICHAEL	- - - - -	} Literary Editors
FRANCES COFFEY	- - - - -	
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ERMINIE WIEDERSHEIM	- - - - -	O. V. L.
WILL AHRENS	- - - - -	Athletics
HELEN CARRIE	- - - - -	Joshes
GOLDIE HALE	- - - - -	Historian

Business Staff

JOTY SEDGLEY	- - - - -	Manager
HENRY BARNES	- - - - -	Assistant Manager



## Editorial

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THE seventh and latest edition of our school annual, the Spectator, is now ready for perusal by our Patrons. We take this opportunity to thank those who have advertised here and who have, in other ways, given their loyal support.

Several years ago, we seemed to have lost all enthusiasm and school spirit; scarcely any interest was taken in athletics and little or none in debating. In fact, one might easily have forgotten that there was such a thing as school spirit or enthusiasm for school activities. But, thru the efforts of our energetic principal, Cloverdale takes her place as one of the leading schools of the county.

In debating we have ranked first and in athletics our team has certainly proved its worth. Futhermore, the great enthusiasm and loyalty shown at the debates and at the field meets, not only by the students but by many of the people of Cloverdale as well as by the Alumni, has proved beyond a doubt, that the time is past forever when it can be said that Cloverdale is asleep. For this patriotism in "rooting" and helping our team on to victory by your loyal support, we wish to thank you—and hope that you will continue to show such loyalty and patriotism in the future.

We produced a play during the past semester, the first time that this has been done here in many years. The dramatic talent shown in our school surprised everyone—even the actors themselves. We hope that we have set a precedent and that other classes will give a play twice a year, thus providing more funds for the Spectator. We wish to thank Mrs. Arthur McCray, Mr. E. A. Cooley, and Mrs. Will Furber for their valuable assistance in making it so great a success.

To the teachers, who have aided us in securing, revising, and correcting material for this paper, we are grateful. This assistance has been invaluable.

Nor are we unmindful, of the work done by the student body in general, tho it may seem that we do not appreciate the efforts to "stuff" the josh box.

# Commencement Program



SONG	- - - - -	School
DECLAMATION	- - - -	Erminie Wiedersheim
VOCAL DUET	- - - - -	{ Pearl Thompson Lois McMichael
VALEDICTORY	- - - - -	Genevieve Phelan
PIANO DUET	- - - - -	{ Francis Coffey Zelma Eells
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMA	- - -	F. A. White
QUARTET, "The Gondola,"	Lois Mc Michael, Helen Carrie Genevieve Phelan, Pearl Thompson.	
PLAY	- - - - -	"Mr. Bob"

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Phillip Royson - - - J. Palmer Sedgley  
 Robert Brown, clerk of Benson & Benson, Henry Barnes  
 Jenkins, Miss Rebecca's butler, Harold Thompson  
 Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady, Erminie Wiedersheim  
 Katherine Rodgers, her niece, - Genevieve Phelan  
 Marion Bryant, Katherine's friend, Pauline De Hay  
 Patty, Miss Rebecca's maid, - - Helen Carrie



## ...Faculty...



Francis A. White

*PRINCIPAL*

B. L. University of California, 1908

---

Hanna Pierson

Ph. M. University of Ottawa, 1905

Berlin University

---

Flora A. Bagley

A. B. Stanford, 1912

M. A. Stanford, 1913





FACULTY



# Class Roll



GENEVIEVE A. PHELAN



CLASS FLOWER - RED CARNATION

CLASS COLORS - RED AND WHITE

CLASS MOTTO

*“I, too, will set my face to the wind and throw my  
handful of seed on high.”*






*“Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o’er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee.”*



## Farewell to C. H. S.

---

 1915! AND GRADUATION! How we have longed for this time! As Freshmen, we thought of the four years of hard work—and sighed. As Sophs, we thought—“three more years!” and sighed. As Juniors, we longed to be Seniors. Now, as we think of the four short years, they are four years of happiness, and joyous days—days of work, of pleasure and of sorrow, success and failure, too. Yet now we sigh again. Not indeed, as when we were Freshmen, for the year to be over but, as graduates, that these years have gone.

We think of the teachers, and how they have worked for us—usually with little thanks or appreciation. Rather did we accept with scowls and thoughtless grumbling, their kindness and their labor. It is only when we leave that we look back and fully realize all that they have done for us. It is only at parting that we find how dear they are to us. But now we can sincerely say that we do appreciate their efforts and beg them to accept it as an inadequate expression of our real feelings.

It is hard, too, to say good-bye to our comrades and schoolmates, with whom we have worked and played during our high school days—these days which we will always remember as our happiest. No matter where we may go, how many or what kind of friends we make, we shall always remember and hold dear these friends and these happy times together.

Now that we are leaving high school and going abroad into other fields, we wish to say this last farewell to dear old C. H. S. to whom we shall always extend our loyal support and assistance whenever possible.

“To the banks of the Russian River  
When the years are past and gone,  
When as schoolmates we have parted,  
And our lessons all are done,  
We'll return and show our comrades,  
We're as loyal as of old,  
And cheer them on to victory  
'Neath the Blue and the Gold.”



## Our Legacy

---



HAVING the welfare of C. H. S. at heart, we, the graduating class of 1915, have decided to bequeath to the pupils, the faculty, and the school at large, those things which we deem would be to their benefit, individually and collectively.

In the first place, having a superabundance of dignity, and solemnity of manner, we wish to leave our over supply to the present Sophomore class—to be used judiciously.

In case it should ever happen that the class which is just about to enter the exalted position of Seniors becomes too dignified and haughty, we leave our supply of mischief, our habit of speaking when not spoken to, and our good humor to the teacher of History III, to be distributed to them at her discretion, and only under the above mentioned conditions.

For the Freshmen we have a word of advice; forget that you are babies—you'll soon be Sophs, you know—throw away those foolish little pranks in periods VI and VII, donate them to the "Junk Family." You'll get along better without them. In case this is, at first, too difficult, we have left in the table drawers of the Lab, a supply of toys, candy and gum kindly donated to us, by one of the primary teachers, whose pupils have long ago outgrown them.

Homer, thinking that you would appreciate a little Senior Dignity, we have sealed and labeled two bottles of the same for your use and placed them in the Chemistry department of the Laboratory.

Henry Barnes, you will find in Mr. White's desk, ten volumes entitled, "How to Grow a Mustache." These we advise you to read thoroughly; in fact, if you memorize a chapter here and there, we prophesy great results. Besides this, knowing your fondness for Geometry, we leave you all our second hand books on that subject.

For Zelma Eells, we have sent to Paris for some Frivolity, You will find it wrapped and addressed to you and lying inside the piano.



To Melvin Hall, we leave a miniature dynamo, which he will find in the Lab. in the "Electricity" cabinet. This is to keep you busy, Melvin. That energy of which you are wasting so much, would prove of great value to you, if used to good advantage.

Christine Lea, in the top drawer in the office, you will find instructions on "How to Cultivate a Soundless Voice."

An electric device, warranted to produce speed, we leave to Madge Dellenbaugh, so that she may overcome her drawl.

Clara Orr, in Miss Pierson's room are four German Grammars; you may have them—to study.

Will Ahrens, out in the Shop is a straight backed chair, so arranged with braces that one must sit up straight in it. This has been made for your especial benefit and we advise you to use it in all classes. (That is what the wheels are for, so that you may roll it about from place to place.)

Dewey, you may have all the self-reliance that is in the big brown package in the bottom drawer of the typewriter table, nearest the radiator. This is to help you on O. V. L. Programs.

Helen, we bequeath to you our talent for debating. Use it well.

Ethel, in the girls' yard you will find a large garbage can. This would make an excellent receptacle for worn out powder puffs.

Ida, we give you the longest word in the dictionary,—SmileS.

Harold Meyers, to you we leave a pink and purple striped jumping-jack, for you to play with when you become too studious.

To Joty Sedgley, we give our ability to keep out of arguments. Two books on "Sentimentalism" you will find in the Library; these you may read at all recesses and noons, "to break the monotony." In case you find that two volumes are not enough we leave you our membership to the "Seaside Sentimental Library." Under the stove in the Lab. is a pair of Chinese shoes. You may have them—if they fit.

Hazel Lea, you will find a "Big Ben" alarm clock in the Express Office. You know what it is for.

Bernice, the 1915 Physics class have invented a "Pepper Extracter," it is warranted harmless, and is very soothing. The class has kindly had it patented for your sake.

To Harold Thompson, we donate our dramatic talent.

To Lorraine Kruse, we leave a cook book,—you may need it some time.



To Pauline De Hay we bequeath our ability to work. We also wish to exchange a can for your supply of "cant's."

Raymond Roberts, we have left you, in care of Miss Bagley, several books of drawing instructions, and one essay on Sedateness.

To Goldie Hale we leave "Easy Lessons in French."

To Pearl Thompson we leave one box of Activity, two baskets of Studiousness and a bottle of Giggles.

George Warren, we bequeath to you a dozen Spencerian copy books.

Isabel Johnson, we appoint you guardian of the 1916 class. Take care that they do not become too studious, nor too playful.

Harry Ludwig, a valuable legacy is yours; it may, indeed, be of great financial benefit to you—our inventiveness and originality.

Frances Coffey, we leave to you three gallons of "Grown-uppishness."

Erminie Wiedersheim, we will to you three new styles of hair dressing; take your choice and give the rest to Clara Orr.

Lois McMichael, we leave you an automatic fountain so that you will not need to interrupt your studies every day at eleven o'clock.

Merle McCray to you we bequeath a Ford. Can you use it?

Wyima Wiswell we give you all our sedateness, impressiveness and argumentative ability.

Henry Wiedersheim, we leave you our most valuable possession, Self-Repression, and the ability to keep our jokes to ourselves.

Fred Vadon, we leave to you an instrument for making those eyes behave.

To Miss Bagley, we give our ability to recognize bluffing, a severe countenance, and an unsmiling eye.—May she use them well.

To Miss Pierson, we give our heartfelt thanks for all the lecturettes.

To Mr. White, we bequeath all our frowns and smiles to be used on those deserving of them.

To the Trustees, we leave \$75,000 as a donation toward the new school house.

To the Grammar School, we leave our much beloved and beworn school house. You may have it the very day that the foundation is laid for our own new building.

To the school in general we leave nothing. It is so well equipped that there is nothing within our power to give that would be of the slightest benefit to it.



# The Blue and The Gold

---

(Tune, The Scarlet and Gray)

The banner of the Blue and Gold  
We'll cheer with loyal praise;  
At each new victory that we gain  
Our voices we will raise.

With honor ever high in view,  
As students we will work,  
From Freshman up to Senior Class,  
Our duties ne'er to shirk.

Dear High School, we will love thee more  
As years shall past us fly,  
For memory backward oft will turn  
To days in Cloverdale High.

## CHORUS

Then hail to the flag of our High School,  
Our banner of Blue and Gold!  
With voices and hearts we will praise thee  
As thy colors aloft unfold;  
Then hail to the flag of our High School,  
To our standard we'll prove true;  
May our ensign prevail when all else shall fail,  
Our banner of Gold and Blue.

J. P. S. & F. A. W.

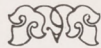


# Ancient History

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*Quam Tempus Fugit!*

Ancient tho this department is, we are sure that you will find it interesting. It is a well known fact that "we were all small once" but those of us who do not become acquainted with our companions till after they have passed that stage, often wonder what kind of small people they were. For this reason we have procured as many photos as possible for this department, to give our readers a slight knowledge of what we once were.



**Harold Thompson, '17.**

"Fatigued he sinks into  
some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass and reads  
a debonair  
And gentle tale of love  
and languishment."

**Hazel Lea, '17.**

"This lovely child, blithe,  
innocent and free,  
She spends a happy time  
with little care."





**Isabel Johnson, '17.**

"Blue eyed and fair of  
face."



**Goldie Hale, '16.**

"Maiden with the fair,  
brown tresses  
Shading o'er thy dreamy  
eye."



**Helen Carrie, '16.**

"Thy light laughter rings  
as clear  
As water drops I love to  
hear."



**Henry Wiedersheim, '18.**

"And on his lips there  
played a smile  
As holy, meek and faint  
As lights in some cathed-  
ral isle  
The features of—  
a saint."





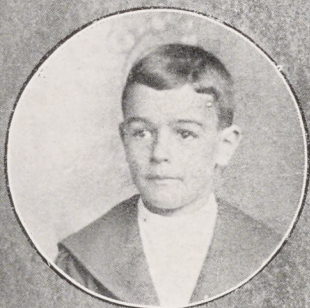
**Lorraine Kruse, '18.**

"Her looks were like a  
flower in May,  
Her smile was like the  
summer morn."



**Clara Orr, '16.**

"There's many a black,  
black eye they say  
But none so bright as  
thine."



**Fred Vadon, '18.**

"Behold the child among  
his new-born blisses,  
The six years darling."



**Melvin Hall, '17.**

"How meek so'er he  
seem,  
No keener hunter after  
glory breathes."





**Wyima Wiswell, '18.**

"The blithest bird upon  
the bush  
Had ne'er a lighter heart  
than she."



**Harry Ludwig, '18.**

"The blithest lad  
In a' our town or here  
awa'."



**Pauline DeHay, '17.**

"She has two eyes so  
soft and brown."



**Madge Dellenbaugh, '17.**

"Her gravest mood could  
scarce displace  
The dimples of her face."





Stanley Brush, '18.

"Love awakes anew this  
throbbing heart."



George Warren, '18.

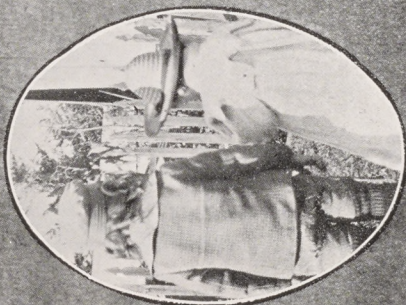
"He is swifter-fashioned  
than the fairies."



Joty Sedgley, '16.

and

Frances Coffey, '18.



"Those first affections,  
those shadowy recol-  
lections,  
Are still the fountain  
light of all our day."





Henry Barnes, '16.

"A farmer hale and  
hearty."



Christine Lea, '17.

"So light of foot, so  
light of spirit."



Harold Myers, '18.

"A serious soul is look-  
ing  
From thy earnest eyes."



Frances Coffey, '18.

"Her fingers shame the  
ivory keys,  
They dance so light  
along."





**Miss Bagley.**

"Wit sparkled on her  
lips not less  
For quiet and tremulous  
tenderness."



**Mr. White.**

"Smiles thou hast,  
bright ones of thine  
own."



**Miss Pierson.**

"Unseen of her fair fame;  
the good she did she  
rarely knew."





**Zelma Eells, '18.**

"Of fair and stately  
mien,  
Whose eyes were kindled  
in the upper skies."



**Homer Connor, '18.**

"Blessings on thee, little,  
man,  
Barefoot boy with cheek  
of tan."



**Erminie Wiedersheim, '18**

"How brilliant and how  
mirthful the light of  
her blue eye,  
Like a star glancing out  
from the blue of the  
sky."



**Will Ahrens, '16.**

"Linked sweetness long  
drawn out."





**Ida Murray, '17.**

"Smiling, frowning,  
evermore,  
Ever varying."



**Pearl Thompson, '17.**

"Like the prairie lilies  
Grew a tall and slender  
maiden."



**Genevieve Phelan, '15.**

"A creature not too  
bright or good  
For human nature's daily  
food;  
For transient sorrows,  
simple wiles,  
Praise, blame ,love, kiss-  
es, tears and smiles."



**Bernice Butler, '17.**

"Following the merriest  
glance,  
Dreamed thru her eye  
the heart's romance."





**Ethel Daniels, '17.**

"A pleased surprise  
Looked from thy long  
lashed hazel eyes."



**Lois McMichael, '18.**

"Exceeding pleasant to  
mine eye is she."



**Merle McCray, '18.**

"Her eyes a bashful  
azure, and her hair  
In gloss and hue the  
chestnut."




**Raymond Roberts, '17.**

"Methinks a hunter, bold  
and brave."



# W I T P R A T B

## Who's What

 NE morning as I was about to *Brush* my hair, before breakfast, father came running into the room crying, "*Lo! is this the way you spend your time, when one of the Barnes is burning?*" "Run down to the *Pier*, son, and tell our *New man* to bring that *White* canvas to cover *De-Hay*."

I'd a heap rather have gone to the fire at once, but I knew better than to *Harry* father. I ran down to the pier, where our ship "*Flora*" was being loaded with provisions for our *Kruse* into the South Sea for *Pearls*. Our hired man, *Fritz*, was storing *Coffey* into the hold. I delivered my message and then we started running for the *Barnes*.

It was a beautiful morning; a *Merle* was singing in a tree near by, the *Eells* were jumping out of the water, and loud noises came from the *Henry*. *Fritz* soon left me far behind and could not hear my cries, when I fell over a huge stone that was lying in the road. A queer *Phelan* seized me. "*Er! mi-nie,*" I cried. I could neither move nor walk, so I had to lie there on the ground. I thought of the day when I knocked a *Homer* over the fence at school and twisted my ankle while running bases.

A little way up the road I could see *Madge Dellenbaugh* coming toward me but she turned aside from the main road before I had a chance to call her.

It must have been about an hour later, when I heard *Daniels'* dog barking and soon I saw our *Butler* coming down the road. He was taking one of his general *Ahrens*.

I explained to him the cause of my accident and asked him to *Carrie* me.

"I wish I had *Roberts'* sled, but that *Myers* so--oh, well, I s'pose I'll have to carry you," grumbled Dan. So saying, he



dropped the bunch of *Sedge* that he had gathered on the *Lea* and picked me up.

I'll *Warren-t*, he'd have carried me all the way home, had we not met *Isabelle* in her wagon. About this time it commenced to *Hale* and when we reached home we were very wet. My mother met us at the door, looking very frightened. "*Wy-i-ma*, don't be scared, I'm not hurt badly; I've only sprained *Orr* bruised my knee."


"*Tom, son,*" exclaimed my father coming toward me, "What is the matter? I hope you are not hurt badly for we sail tomorrow for the South Seas."

"*Dewey?* Hooray! I'm not hurt at all!"

J. P. S., '16.



## The Heart of the South

T was Monday morning. The Marlowe family were eating breakfast in the old fashioned dining room at seven o'clock, as had been their custom for many years. Vivian was buttering a delicious muffin when she spoke.

"Father, do you really mean to say that the cotton can't be sold?"

"Yes child, it is quite so," said Mr. Marlowe, who wore a very worried look. He was a tall, thin man and his hair was quite streaked with gray. He picked up the newspaper, put on his glasses and read to his wife and daughter the items concerning cotton. There was no market for it; the mills were closed.

"What will become of us?" said Mrs. Marlowe, who was a tiny woman with an extremely kind face.

"Don't get excited. You women folks are the limit. You fly to pieces at nothing. Wait and see what time will bring. Of course, it is a very serious matter but there is no need of complaining, for that will only make us men more agitated. Another cup of coffee, please, Mother."

"Oh, but Father, think of it! It is dreadful," said Vivian, as the large tears filled her big brown eyes.

They were just leaving the table when Jim, the negro servant, came in saying, "Massa, here am dis message fo' you alls."



Marlowe took it and quickly glanced over its contents.

"Meeting of the Planters. Your presence requested this morning at ten thirty."

The planter frowned. He realized what was up.

"All right, Jim, hitch the team for me immediately."

Mrs. Marlowe went with Nancy, the colored maid, to help start the days work as she always did, not because she had to but because she loved it.

Vivian would think of nothing but her troubles. Oh! it was awful. Now she couldn't even have a new evening dress for the ball. If they lost their property, as they probably would, she must work and work—a thought which somewhat hurt her Southern pride."

By ten o'clock Marlowe was on his way to the village of Pine Crest. When he reached the town hall he found the planters discussing the disturbing question. Many of them were already discouraged and in debt because of the low prices paid for their crop the previous year. They saw nothing ahead except deeper debt. Marlowe had his plantation mortgaged, too.

"What was the outcome of the meeting?" asked Vivian. as soon as he had returned.

"We've all agreed that there aren't the barest prospects of selling the cotton. I see nothing but ruin ahead of us. Our home is mortgaged and no money coming in. I fear we lose it," said the poor old man.

"What! this dear old home that has belonged to the Marlowes for so many years," said his wife, sadly.

"My dear, it is dreadful, but at present there seems no way to prevent it. Let us forget it and sit down to lunch.

\* \* \* \*

The following afternoon, Vivian saddled Ginger for a canter across the country. When she had gone only a short distance her pony became lame. She urged him on but he would not go. She finally got off to examine his foot and discovered a pebble under the shoe. She was trying in vain to remove the stone when a stranger came up.

"Could I be of any assistance to you?"

"Oh," she said in a delightfully pleasant voice, "would you be so kind as to take this pebble from my pony's foot?"

"With pleasure."

With the aid of his knife he soon removed the offending intruder.

"How can I thank you?" exclaimed Vivian.

"By allowing me to accompany you to your destination."



He helped her mount and they started off.

In the course of their conversation he expressed his sympathy with the cotton planters. Her own trouble was fresh in her mind but she only said, "Yes, it is causing many to lose the homes that have belonged to their ancestors for generations."

"I have just arrived here to superintend Colonel McLeane's plantation that was recently taken over by the holder of the mortgage," explained her new friend.

"Oh, you are Mr. Richard Schoffield from New York, and a neighbor of ours."

By this time she was at home. Her escort expressed the hope of seeing her again, and rode on.

Vivian went into the house with an unusual sparkle in her eyes.

"I just met the new superintendent of Colonel McLeane's plantation. He is perfectly grand, but he is a Northerner, Dad."

"Huh, a Northerner," said John Marlowe disdainfully.

"Yes, but he is keenly interested in everything and sympathizes with us Southerners in our present financial troubles, replied Vivian.

"Sympathizes! What does a Northerner know about the cotton industry, what interest does he have in us? To us it is everything. Don't speak to me of this Northerner again."

Vivian went sulkily to her room, but, in spite of her father's stern command, she thought of the new superintendent. His name was Richard, but she was sure that his folks and intimate friends called him Dick. She knew that her father was mistaken in believing that he had no sympathy for the cotton planters. To her he was frank, kind, and honest; yes, and she was sure that he was clever, too.

Over on the neighboring plantation, Dick was thinking of Vivian. Again and again her merry face appeared before him. It showed character. Her sparkling eyes and that rebellious brown hair were wonderful and, every time that the expression changed on her face, two big dimples appeared.

Time sped by. Vivian and Dick had become the best of friends in spite of Dad Marlowe's bitter feeling. It was now six months since the morning that we first saw the Marlowe family. The mortgage was due that very day.

Vivian wandered into the garden and sat down on a bench to think of this awful calamity. Suddenly, Dick drove up. He had stopped on his way to town to say a pleasant "Good morning," but found Vivian quite unresponsive to his own happy mood.



"Why so sad?" he asked.

This was too much. She burst into tears and told him about the dreadful trouble which she had kept from him all of this time. He listened to her story and encouraged her to be cheerful. But his mind was busy thinking of some plan by which he might help them.

How could he do it? He was only the superintendent of McLeane's plantation, drawing a salary of one hundred and twenty dollars a month. This and a lot in New York was all that he possessed.

He started on his way again and soon reached town where he went first to the Post Office for the mail. Among the letters was one from his brother, who was a real estate man. It startled him as he read—"Your lot has an offer of \$75,000. You would better accept it, as land is booming in that part of the city only for the present time. Answer at once.—"

Dick was surprised and taken back. Could he sell the lot his mother had given him just before her death? Yes, he would do it and turn the money over to Mr. Marlowe. He knew that his mother would wish it. She had taught him to be kind and helpful.

He resolved to leave other business matters and go immediately home to tell the Marlowes of his good news. He approached Mr. Marlowe in a straightforward, businesslike manner, and offered to lend him the money to pay the mortgage.

The poor old man gratefully took the hand of the younger one and tears filled his eyes as he said, "Now I see the sterling qualities which have made Vivian admire you so much. You Northerners are proving to us that you, also, possess the noble generosity which, heretofore, I have thought belonged only to the heart of the south."

PAULINE, '17.





## From France to 'Frisco

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LITTLE Jean Thiviers lived with her parents, the Count and Countess of Lésparre at Chateauroux in sunny France. Ever since she could remember they had lived there. She took great delight in the alabaster statues of the gods and goddesses, old-fashioned fountains and century-old trees and plants. But as she grew older, (she was now nine) she could not help longing for something new, something entirely out of the ordinary. One day as she was sitting beneath a beautiful arbor, covered with vines and roses, she was seized with a longing to see the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco!

Now Jean was very liable to come to rapid conclusions, and as her parents were comfortably situated she generally got whatever she wished; so it was no unusual thing for her to go to her father and mother and announce her resolve.

“But my dear,” expostulated her mother, “think of the danger in passing the German blockade.”

Old Count Thiviers appeared to be thinking deeply and at length said, “Well, Francois, I suppose the child must have her way. The armies are drawing closer and the chateau is no longer safe. I propose that we take our necessary wearing apparel, appoint a watchman, get a housekeeper for the chateau and take a trip to the fairy-land of the World’s Exposition.

What news! Jean, bubbling with joy, danced around the table, and then started cramming things into a suitcase.

The following day at two o’clock, the little train puffed out of the station with the Thiviers aboard. Their home, Chateauroux, was two hundred miles from Marseilles, the steamer terminus. Arriving at the latter point at about ten o’clock in the morning, they went aboard their steamer, the *Aquitania*, a Cunard liner of about three thousand tons. She carried about two thousand passengers, excluding the crew, and touched at New York, Colon, San Diego and San Francisco.

At two o’clock, the great screws began to revolve, the bells rang out, and the huge ship gently left her slip. Majestically she sailed out into the waters of the deep blue Mediterranean. Jean and her parents stood watching the fading landscape until it had become but a mere dot in the distance, and then she said,



"Papa, do you think we will ever return? Somehow I feel sad in leaving my native land."

"Tut, tut!" said her father. "If you stay in America a year, you will have forgotten your native land."

"Count Thiviers!" said the Countess sternly. How can you trifle with a child's emotions? You know she will never forget the land of her birth, even tho' she were to be gone ten years, instead of one year."

"Yes, mama," answered Jean, "even if I were to be exiled like poor Bonaparte, still I should never forget the land of my nativity."

"May God bless you and ever keep you as loyal to your country as you are now," fervently exclaimed the Count, imprinting a kiss on her forehead.

At six o'clock dinner was served. Jean found it quite difficult to dine on the ship as this was her first trip to sea; but she soon, however, became accustomed to the perpetual throbbing of the engines. She was delighted with the luxuries of the ship they enjoyed on every hand.

It was great fun to sit on the promenade deck and watch the flickering lights far across the water in Spain. The seagulls and other water fowl came flopping up against the side of the liner; and once, when Jean was dozing, a huge gull flew past her and screeched in a wild eerie way that made her jump and cry out. Finally it was time to retire, as they wished to rise early to see the Rock of Gibraltar.

It seemed to Jean as tho she had been sleeping but a moment, when her mother called to her that it was time to arise. She hastily dressed and hurried up on deck to see the wonderful Gibraltar. As she gained the promenade, an involuntary exclamation of joy escaped her lips.

On the left lay Africa, still brooding beneath the sable curtain of Night—a desert land, broken only by the appearance of date palms now and then, standing like sentries around the bivouac of an army. On the right lay the beautiful land of Spain and the grim old Rock of Gibraltar with the town in the background; while olive groves and vineyards clothed the surrounding country in a verdant hue. Here a shepherd just waking from his slumber, and there a mule-driver journeying toward the city, lying white and silent like some sleeping goddess, caught the eye. Far to the east rose the sun. He made the sea a burnished gold and gilded the trees that were wet from morning dew.



Opposite Gibraltar the ship lay to, while the mate rowed ashore with his clearance papers and passport. And now at last they must leave the protection of the Allied flags and trust to luck for their safe arrival in America. At night all lights were extinguished, and unless it was foggy the ship picked her way through the semi-tropical sea in utter darkness. All port-holes were blanketed and a huge smoke condenser was put on the stacks to guard against any sparks flying out and alarming an enemy.

On the third day out there was great commotion aboard, for a battleship had been sighted out on the horizon. Altho she was far to the south, still she might at any moment spy the liner and give chase. The wireless operator attempted to secure some information as to her nationality and locality. This, however, seemed almost impossible. The liner proceeded on in fear, yet hoping for the best. All went well until the next day, when without the slightest warning, the big battleship loomed up, and sending a shot across the bow of the Aquitania, commanded her to stop. The captain, however, kept on at the risk of his ship, rather than fall into the hands of an enemy, for he could plainly see the colors of the hostile ship floating from her mast-head. Everyone was ordered below and every thing that would serve as a target for the enemy was stowed away.

All this time the firing had been kept up unceasingly but with little damage. All at once a huge shell crashed through the bow of the ship, while another plunged into the wheel-house aft, killing the helmsman.

Down below, women had fainted, and children were crying, while the men were trying to quiet their fears. The mate now entered and said that everything was all right and that the shell had done but little damage. Jean, thinking that her last hour had come, was kneeling down beside her father and mother, and praying that they might be saved.

The vessel sped on with shells shrieking around her, but it was evident that she was fast gaining ground. And in a few hours the battleship did give up the chase. Every one offered up his praise, and 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow' was sung feelingly.

The carpenters patched up the liner as well as possible, for the time being; and in two more days New York was reached.

"O papa," cried Jean, "what is that beautiful statue over there?"

"That," replied the Count, "is the work of one of our countrymen, Bartholdi. It is called the statue of 'Liberty Enlighten-



ing the World.' It is situated on Governor Island and is the gate-way to the Cosmopolitan City. The city where fortunes are made and lost in a day—the city where recklessness, luxury, magnificence, selfishness and pride predominate—where business men control the markets of the world, and politicians, the destinies of the people."

An extended stop had to be made at New York, as the liner had to be thoroughly repaired and painted. But on the second day after their arrival they steamed out and steered down the coast, past Florida, the land of mystery, silence and death; for in its everglades and marshes, lurk monsters of a freeborn race—crocodiles and man-eating serpents.

Passing around Florida, Cuba was sighted, resplendent in a shimmering coat of luxuriant green, broken here and there by the tall palms, waving before the spice-laden breezes of the Caribbean Sea.

Towards evening the Aquitania was granted her papers and started through the Panama Canal.

"Oh papa," said Jean, "Is this the new canal everyone is talking and reading about?"

"Yes, my dear, but the idea of an Isthmian Canal is not new; in fact, it was first suggested in the seventeenth century and actual work was done in the eighteenth. In 1880 Ferdinand de' Lesseps began the French Canal, and in 1904 the United States Government started to work on the present one," answered Count Thiviers. "Do you see the improved motors for drawing the ships through? They too, are American inventions. But hold, we are at Colon, and our ship is going to stop!"

And the ship did stop, for here was a city that had risen from a degenerate, filthy, squalid town, to a city of cleanliness, purity and commerce, all under the domination of our glorious United States; and no one was willing to miss a chance of exploring it. Proceeding on through the locks, wonderful examples of American engineering skill and marvels of American geniuses, an accident occurred which did much toward marring the tranquility of the journey. As one of the deckhands stepped out on the prow of the ship to cast a line to a locomotive, he slipped and plunged headlong into the water just as the gates were closing. The suction drew him between them, mangling him horribly.

Emerging from the west end the next morning, the Aquitania was greeted by the balmy breezes of the Pacific.

"Ah," sighed Jean, as they sailed along the shores of romantic Mexico, "and this is the land that the Spanish cavaliers risked their lives and fortunes to win? this jungle and desert waste—the haunt of ferocious animals.



The next evening San Diego was reached and the Thiviers made their first stopover to see the Panama-California Exposition. This Exposition was built where Balboa Park used to stand. It lies in all its soft, cream-white outlines, draped with luxuriant vines, like a beautiful bride dressed in white and wreathed in green. The mission style palaces, the opalescent pools, and the lily-laden lagoons all reflect the free, open country of Southern California.

After a week's sojourn in San Diego, the Thiviers departed on a coastwise steamer for San Francisco. And oh, the entrancing joy of inhaling the invigorating breezes of the briny Pacific once more!

The Golden Gate was reached the next day at sunset, and indeed it was a golden gate. The water was as yellow as gold,

"But papa," said Jean, disappointedly, "where is the gate?"

"What gate, my dear?" asked the Count.

"The Golden Gate."

"Why, it's right before you."

"Yes, but the really, truly gate that they shut at night. You know you told me that they shut it at night to keep out bad people."

"Oh, they do," replied the Count, with a smile, "Er—that is they used to."

As the ship glided into San Francisco Bay, the Thiviers saw for the first time the object of their quest—the Exposition of the World! Rising in the magnificence of all its glory is the Tower of Jewels, glowing like the Persian Plane-tree of old; while to the left is the Palace of Horticulture, its glass dome flashing like a giant emerald. Nestled about these two main buildings are the terra-cotta colored exhibit palaces, with their French green domes and travertine columns. Here is the verdant marina, stretching away to the bay, and there the palm-lined avenue extending from one end of the grounds to the other; while to the West towers the Palace of Fine Arts, surrounded by the lagoon and the facade by that name. At the right is the Joy Zone alive with people, like a giant ant-hill. And floating above all, from the highest flag-pole in the world is the American flag.

The stately ship swung around past the islands of Yerba Buena and Alcatraz, past the Government docks and Fort Mason, and past the wharves teeming with shipping. Great ocean grey-hounds drew out of their slips, and saucy tugs nosed here and there among the larger vessels. The Aquitania glided into her slip at the foot of the Ferry Building. The Thiviers



disembarked and found themselves in the heart of a bustling city, every bit as lively as New York, and yet as law-abiding as the Quaker City.

The next morning Jean and her parents rode out to the Exposition and started their joyful trip thru the grounds. Time and space will not permit of my mentioning all the wonders that they saw and the things they learned. Nor do words adequately describe the beauty of the Exposition by night. Most impressive of all was the illumination of the Tower of Jewels. Bathed in a soft, red glow of light, its studded columns shimmering like gems in the moonlight, it stood like a huge pillar of fire. The Thiviers lingered in the Court of Abundance taking in every detail of the Spanish Gothic architecture. The incense-burners, in the shape of snakes seemed to hold a sort of fascination for Jean. They went on thru the Courts of the Universe and Four Seasons, and then down to the Esplanade to watch the fireworks. Many different kinds were displayed, and as the smoke clouds floated away, the battery of varied colored searchlights would play on them, giving many pleasing effects.

After the fireworks were finished the Thiviers strolled around past the California building towards the Palace of Fine Arts. And lo! as they came in sight of this beautiful building, a scene so charming as to make mere words inadequate for description, was unfolded before them. There lay the Fine Arts Lagoon, like a great placid mirror; every detail of the classic Grecian Columns was truthfully given back in it. The moon had just reached its zenith and seemed to throw such a celestial light over all that Jean remarked, "Papa, it would look much better if there were an angel sitting over there. And oh, those pillars look just like the pictures in one of our books at school."

"They are, my dear," answered Count Thiviers, "They are Grecian columns like those used ages ago in Arcadia."

As the Thiviers were strolling along through the surrounding gardens, a sound so soft that it was like a mother's lullaby, and yet so penetrating that the very air resounded with it, reached their ears. "Dooling, deeling, dowling," pealed the chimes from the Netherland's Pavilion, in silver accents—"Doolin, deeling, dowling," in twelve measured strokes. With reluctant steps, but contented hearts, the Thiviers wended their way back to the Inside Inn.

H. M., '18.



## The Myth of Baby Blue Eyes

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ABY Blue Eyes was the pet of all the gods and goddesses. She was a timid, modest and beautiful child of ten, who had been found by Venus on a lonely mountain in Arcadia. She knew nothing of her parentage but said she had been left there by an uncle who wanted to inherit her large fortune. Venus felt sorry for her and took her to the home of the gods.

All of the immortals fell in love with the child of the beautiful golden curls and large blue eyes, and named her Baby Blue Eyes. They said she should be an immortal on the condition that she should never fall in love with a mortal, or on doing so her form would be changed.

Baby Blue Eyes was very fond of wandering in the fields and hills. One day she wandered farther than usual and met a beautiful shepherd boy. She fell in love with him at once, and he, with her. They tried to keep the gods from knowing of their love, for they didn't want her form changed.

But one day when Jupiter was tired of his own company, he started out to find Baby Blue Eyes, for he loved her dearly, though he dared not let Juno know it. He knew he would find her in the fields; and on nearing a little hill he heard voices and singing. Noiselessly he climbed to the top of this little hill and there found Baby Blue Eyes and her lover.

What he saw made him very angry, for he was jealous of the shepherd. He hurried back to Olympus to tell what he had seen.

All Olympus was grieved, for they loved Baby Blue Eyes, but transformed—she must be. She was given, however, her choice of what she should be, and on the shepherd boy's suggestion, asked to be a little flower of the fields and hills. From that day to this, the little flower, the Baby Blue Eye, can be found wherever the shepherd boy wanders.

L. M., '18.



## Too Much Mustard

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PROFESSOR Antigossip was impatiently waiting for the bus which was to take him to the train west bound.

"Long distance call for Professor Antigossip!" shouted some one in a clear voice. The professor stepped hurriedly to the phone.

"Hello! Yes. Oh, what subject have I decided to lecture on? Well, let me think—oh, The More Love and Less Gossip Club?" A click, and the professor heard nothing in reply from the other end of the line, but caught the words, "Too Much Mustard, Good Night!" in a somewhat different voice.

"All aboard!" called the clerk. Professor Antigossip rushed out, casting to the winds all thoughts concerning the interrupted phone message.

The bus had already been delayed so long that it barely reached the station before the train came thundering in. All passengers rushed for their tickets. The dignified professor, less nimble in the scramble, found himself at the end of the line and had time to remark to himself that it was just as well that some one had cut short his telephone conversation, for that was the only thing that saved him from missing his train.

The ride was long and somewhat tedious. All nature had blossomed out in the most gorgeous robes to welcome the glad days of spring. The mustard flowers covered the fields in thick masses, delicately scenting the air.

As he was nearing his destination, two women came on board and took the opposite seat. The town history—they knew no other—was discussed from A to Z. There was not a nook into which the professor's weary eyes had not peeped; not a man or woman who had not been raked over the coals; not even a school girl who had escaped the tongues of these talkative idlers. One might make an allowance for gossiping about an enemy—but about a friend, what license is there?

"Too Much Mustard, Good Night!" thought the professor as he picked up his book and changed his seat. The train had by this time reached Gossipville. A well tended plot of mustard confronted him as he stepped off—and a huge bouquet was in the depot. The ticket man wore a yellow nosegay. Many more mustard blossoms welcomed him at the hotel; a huge vase was



on the desk, the clerk wore a sprig, and another vase of golden flowers awaited him in his room.

"Too Much Mustard, Good Night!" he involuntarily exclaimed as he walked over to the vase, plucked a blossom and wore it. "Well, well," he mused to himself as he strolled over to the long mirror to examine the effect of his decoration. "Mustard, mustard, everywhere! What does it all mean? I suppose I'll eat mustard for supper and flavor my lecture with it."

Just then his meditations were interrupted.

"Too Much Mustard, Good Night!" exclaimed the bellboy dropping the heavy suit-case in the doorway and flying down the stairs.

Professor Antigossip proceeded to the dining room, where he encountered a huge vase of yellow blossoms on each table. He carefully scrutinized the menu lest he should be implicated in a dish of the pungent herb.

"Bring me some chicken curry after the soup and salad, will you please, sir?"

"Yes sir," courteously replied the waiter, then hastened out and returned with a dish of a savor delicious and tempting.

Alas! when placed on the table and uncovered the chicken and rice simmered in a thick, rich golden-gravy.

"Too Much Mustard, Good Night!" broke once more from the lips of this man who was usually so proper and self contained.

"No sir, there is not too much mustard in that dish, we have a very fine cook here. Shall I bring you something else?"

"Never mind," apologized the professor, "it looks good and I think I shall enjoy it. I did not mean to criticize the cooking; the expression was unavoidable. It is one I heard a short time ago and it seems to stay with me."

After supper the committee met the professor at the hotel and each wore a yellow nosegay. He turned his head to avoid this ever recurring color, only to encounter once more the vase on the desk and the blossoms worn by the clerk.

At the phone, a young man who had been calling up the girls for the last half hour, was adding another slang expression to our much mutilated English language—every other phrase was "Too Much Mustard, Good Night!"

"Oh, kid, get some mustard!" called a salesman hurrying down the stairs, and fishing in his pocket for a quarter.

"You can't buy any mustard to-night," interrupted the boy, "wait until tomorrow night, they are going to give it away."



"Now never mind, kid, keep your brilliant remarks for some other time. Just get some mustard into you and put my suit case on the bus. Here's a quarter."

Professor Antigossip and the committee walked out. Their eyes and ears burned with mustard. They passed over to the little theatre across the street. It was the professor's habit to study the capacity of his hall before speaking. This done, he happened to notice the billboard.

"What?" he exclaimed. "What does this mean? That is not the name of my lecture!"

"Why, that's what I understood over the phone," replied the secretary, "we all thought it a queer name for a lecture!"

"And now what are we going to do about it?" inquired the president, "we cannot very well disappoint the people. Every seat in the house has been sold, and there was so great a demand for more tickets that we have taken the liberty to sell the house out a second time and to ask you to give us tomorrow night also."

"Well," replied the professor thotfully, "if that is the case I must stick to the text that you have given me. Leave the title as it is. I'll just build around it. As my discourse pertains to gossip, that can easily be done."

"And, Professor, why do you suppose so many tickets were sold?"

"Curiosity, curiosity, my friend. Curiosity and gossip are boon companions and one never travels without the other. Without curiosity gossip could not exist. What pleasure would a man, woman or child find in gossiping if he had no listener. You see the listener is as much at fault as the gossipier. Doubtless I may give these people something to think about at the same time that I quench their curiosity. It is a pity that we cannot all realize the mischief that a careless bit of gossip has so often caused. Once started, it has never been known to return from abroad without having gathered around it all sorts of collections. It becomes so changed in its travels here and there that it is unrecognizable. But I must not deliver my lecture to you gratis here. I will reserve it for tonight."


The inevitable phrase burst forth once more with an emphasis and a fervor that promised well for the lecture of the evening.

G. J. A.



## An Emergency Call

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R. BLACK was awakened by the ringing of his telephone. He answered it and heard a child's voice say, "Margie's got hurt somethin' terrible; she was sleepin' with me and falled out. Please come quick."

The doctor asked her name.

"I'm Doris Smith," the child answered.

"But where are your mother and father?" asked the doctor.

"They went to a party, and no one's home 'cept me an' Margie."

Doris had been one of the doctor's little patients. She had heard her mother call him up many times. Often she would call his number on her play-telephone, and then pretend to talk to him.

The Smiths lived about two miles from the doctor's home. The night was bitter cold, and it was not with a feeling of pleasure that the doctor set out to make the call.

When Dr. Black had gone about a mile, one of his tires blew out. He jumped out and set to work. After toiling for about half an hour, he succeeded in getting another on. But alas! this, too, was soon found to be punctured. He pulled it off, blew on his fingers, and silently started to work again.

The ground was wet with melting snow. The doctor's hands were cold and numb, and his fingers refused to move quickly. At last he was ready to start. He had been a full hour changing the tires.

When he was within seven blocks of the Smith's residence, his automobile came to a dead stop. He tried in every way to find the cause of the trouble, but to no avail. He was obliged to walk the rest of the way.

A little girl in a white night gown opened the door for him. She was thoroughly chilled—her teeth chattered. "Oh," she said, "what made you be such a long time? I waited so long, I nearly went to sleep, and somethin' behind the curtain kept peekin' at me. You see that white thing? Are you scared of it? And oh, I know Margie's scared to be up stairs all alone. You see she broke her head and I tied it up with my handkerchief. She's up stairs—come up and see if you can fix it."

Z. E., '18.



# History of C. H. S.

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AR up the valley where the ridges of the hills almost close together along the banks of Russian River, we find the Cloverdale Union High School snugly nestled among the tall native oak trees.

As we wander back to the "old home town" and over to the school grounds, we readily see that things are changed from what they were twenty years ago, when the little high school started its long, persevering, upward struggle.

From the one room it has enlarged to four; from one teacher to three. In addition to this, we have a laboratory for which we are indebted to Mr. Miller, who with the aid of the boys, erected it in the year of 1911.

We were then a little school with twelve students, we can now boast of forty. Then we were considered of little importance, now we are recognized as the equal of the other schools thruout many counties. We have shown what we can do, not only in scholarship, but also in various other activities. We have every reason to be proud of our debaters, for they have won the silver trophy cup; pronouncing us champions of Solano, Napa, and Sonoma counties. Nor can we too highly praise our athletes for their records. Altho the largest team we have ever had has been composed of only five members, we have brought home many victories. In addition to this, we have been highly commended for our work in Dramatics.

When we look back and see the advancements we have made in twenty years, we wonder what twenty more such prosperous years will bring. Then our school days will be over and other students will march thru the portals of C. H. S. Our salute will be then as it is now:

"May the flag of dear old Cloverdale live.  
The banner of Blue and Gold."

G. I. H., '16.





## Freshman Reception

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URING the middle part of September, the Freshman Reception was given by the upper classmen. When the "wee ones" strayed into Humbert's Hall they gave exclamations of delight at the pretty decorations of pennants, artistically arranged among our high school colors. Cards and dancing were enjoyed until a late hour, when refreshments were served.

## MIDDY PARTY

An informal, yet very pleasing affair, was a middy party given at Union Hall, in October. A good floor, good music and a jolly crowd of boys and girls made the evening a most enjoyable one.

## VALENTINE'S PARTY

Miss Emma Sedgley and Miss Gertrude Shaw were the charming hostesses on Saturday evening, Feb. 13, 1915, of a Valentine's Party, in Odd Fellow's Hall. Tiny red hearts were strung around the room. The walls were a mass of greenery which gave a most pleasing effect. Dancing was the chief enjoyment of the evening but those who did not care to dance went into adjoining rooms where cards and games were played. Punch was served with assorted cookies. When it was announced that it was twelve o'clock, we all agreed that midnight had come too soon.



## BIRTHDAY PARTY

One of the most elaborate affairs of the season was a birthday party given in honor of Stanley Brush by Miss Pauline Brush on April 9, 1915. Twenty-one couples gathered at her elegant home. The decorations in the reception room, parlor, and back parlor transformed them into a Fairyland.

Dancing was enjoyed on the fine hard maple floors. Some exceptionally clever ideas were carried out in presenting favors to the dancers. Punch was served on the large and picturesque porch to which the boys and girls found their way. Delicious refreshments were served later. All were enthusiastic in pronouncing it one of the most enjoyable evenings we had ever spent.

## OUR PICNIC

Early one morning, during the first part of May, a crowd of about twenty couples, accompanied by the teachers left in machines for the Geysers. After riding about eighteen miles over a rough and mountainous road we came to our destination. Immediately, charmed by the beauty of the place, we started for our tramp up the canyon to the Geysers. They seemed most wonderful as they boiled up into the air and sent forth so much hot steam that we could scarcely go on further. On returning about twelve o'clock to the hotel, a very hungry crowd ate a delicious meal. The first part of the afternoon was spent in exploring further the beauties of nature. About four o'clock we started homeward, as there was a long trip ahead of us. We were a tired but happy crowd when we reached Cloverdale that night.

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Many pleasant afternoons and evenings were spent at Mr. Post's residence and we wish to thank him for his kind hospitality.

## SENIOR RECEPTION

Great preparations are under way to make the Senior Reception the most successful event of the year. The decorations are to be in red and white, class colors, finished off with red carnations and ferns. Never before were the lower classmen known to take such a great interest in this important affair.



## Dramatics

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ON FRIDAY evening, April 16, the high school gave a play at Humbert's Opera House, for the benefit of the "Spectator." It was a side splitting comedy in four acts, entitled, "A Night Off," or "A Page from Balzac."

It was a great success financially, and we were even more pleased to hear that the audience pronounced it the best drama ever produced by home talent in Cloverdale. It deals with the complications which ensue when a college professor, taking advantage of his wife's temporary absence, attempts to produce an original theatrical sketch, and is caught in the act by his indignant spouse.

The cast was as follows:

JUSTINIAN BABBIT, Professor of Ancient History at the University .....	Mr. E. A. Cooley
MARCUS BRUTUS SNAP, Manager of a theatrical company .....	Henry Barnes
LORD MULBERRY, in search of his son Jack .....	Harold E. Thompson
JACK MULBERRY, in search of fame and fortune.....	J. Palmer Sedgley
HARRY DAMASK, son-in-law of Professor Babbit.....	Mr. F. A. White
MRS. ZANTIPPA BABBIT, wife and manager of the Babbit household .....	Mrs. Arthur McCray
NISBE BABBIT, youngest daughter and father's pet.....	Helen Carrie
ANGELICA DAMASK, eldest daughter and mother's darling .....	Pauline De Hay
SUSAN, maid of the Babbits .....	Genevieve Phelan
MARIA, maid of the Damasks .....	Lois McMichael

Mr. E. A. Cooley, as the absent-minded Professor, was surely a hit. His dismay when apprehended by his wife and daughter was most laughable.



Mrs. Arthur McCay showed great dramatic talent in this production. Her part was full of climaxes which served well to demonstrate her admirable manner of acting.

As the juvenile male lead, J. Palmer Sedgley was a marked success. His interpretation of the prodigal son and lovesick youth combined was quite catchy.

Henry Barnes handled the difficult part of Marcus Brutus Snap in a manner which made it one of the star casts of the performance.

The part of the affectionate husband was played to perfection by Professor White.

Helen Carrie took an extremely romantic part. As her father's pet and interested in all of his plots, she showed fine dramatic talent.

Harold Thompson's first appearance in high school theatricals was a marked success. He handled his part of the English lord extremely well.

In the part of the jealous and loving wife, Miss Pauline DeHay gave a splendid character portrayal. Her work was very good and deserved the great applause it received.

Genevieve Phelan showed her cleverness in handling the part of the witty and obliging maid of the Babbit household.

As maid of the Damask household, Lois McMichael acted her part with great success.

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Our high school has showed that it contains unusually fine dramatic talent in the following farces, rendered on the O. V. L. programs.

"Going to a New Home: played by Joty Sedgley, Hazel Lea, Christine Lea, Raymond Roberts and Melvin Hall.

"The Penitent's Return," by Homer Conner, Harold Myers, Clifton Newman and Francis Coffey.

"A Forced Friendship" caused much laughter with its series of complications, Wyima Wisell, Erminie Wiedersheim, George Warren and Henry Wiedersheim made up the cast.



"Way Down East" was successfully handled by Madge Dellenbaugh, Pauline DeHay, Dewey Bassetti, Raymond Roberts and Vilma Ur.

"Deaf as a Post" was very much enjoyed by the spectators. Lois McMichael, Harold Myers and Lorraine Kruse skillfully handled their parts.

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"What's Up" was of especial interest as it was written by the Sophomore Class and produced very successfully by the following:

Mrs. Jones .....	Madge Dellenbaugh
Marian Jones .....	Pauline DeHay
Dick Jones, (12 years old) .....	Melvin Hall
Bob Burton, (U. C. student and Marian's sweetheart) .....	
.....	Harold Thompson
Vivian Dinsmore, (visitor at the Jones home) .....	Hazel Lea
Jack Murdock, (friend of Vivian's) .....	Stanley Brush





## O. V. L.

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THE O. V. L. Society of the Cloverdale High School, altho it began in a modest way, June 29, 1905, has steadily grown in members, in interest and in merit until now it is a full fledged literary undertaking. It has done much to encourage school activities and to keep up the standard in other lines beside the daily routine and grind.

This year a larger Freshman Class than usual were initiated into the mysterious rites and solemnities of the O. V. L. Society; and consequently new fuel was added in many departments. It would require too long a space to here tell what terrible tortures the Freshmen were subjected to at the hands of their Upper Classmen; besides it would be violating the most sacred vows of silence. So far, the old and new members of the O. V. L. have endeavored to carry out explicitly the motto of the secret letters.

The meetings of the Society, held on alternate Friday afternoons, are anticipated with pleasure, indeed. They are not only highly instructive and beneficial, but entertaining and enjoyable.

The program consists of the usual features of a Literary Society; debates on current topics, essays, readings, recitations, school-notes, farces, musical selections, both instrumental and vocal—besides good parliamentary drill. In preparing the programs, the pupils are cheerfully aided and abetted by each member of the faculty who endeavors to bring out the special talent of each individual student. One of the most noteworthy features of our Thanksgiving week program was a play entitled, "A Thanksgiving Day," written and staged by some of the members.

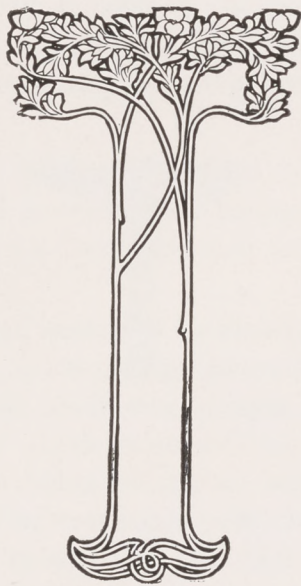
In addition to the regular business meetings of the O. V. L., many delightful entertainments have been given under its auspices. Among these were the Freshman Reception, the debate between Sonoma and Cloverdale and the high school play.



The Freshmen were welcomed at the outset by a grand reception given in Humbert's Hall by the Upper Classmen. This was well attended by the public, which fact shows the interest that our town takes in the welfare of our school. The affair was so enjoyed by the Freshmen that they are eagerly awaiting their turn to welcome the coming Freshman Class.

After the debate, the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and a general good social time.

The high school play entitled, "A Night Off" was a venture more elaborate than any other attempted by the O. V. L. We were kindly aided by some outside talent, which fact helped to make it such a decided success, both financially and socially. The superior talent of our young people was here clearly demonstrated.







#### CLASS 1893

Jean Smith is teaching in Berkeley.

Oscar Tyler, deceased.

Charlie Cheeks is a musician in Seattle.

Jessie Wood is living in Berkeley.

Mrs. Eastlick, (Grace Wilcox) is living in Fort Jones, Siskiyou County.

#### CLASS 1894

Mrs. Bishop, (Lizzie Caughey) is living in Eureka.

Selene Menihan is teaching in the Cloverdale Grammar School.

Elizabeth Menihan is at home.

#### CLASS 1895

Mrs. Ray Hill (Clara Mason) is living at Prescott, Arizona.

Fidelia Furber is living in San Francisco.

Mrs. Whittworth (Belle Wood) is living in Berkeley.

Russell Cameron is living in Healdsburg.

Frank Yordi, deceased.

#### CLASS 1896

Mrs. A. T. Baum (Elizabeth Markell) is living in San Francisco.

Mrs. Drucks (Ada Williams) is living in Susanville.

Charlie Cooley is living at Yorkville.



## CLASS 1897

Mrs. Cyril Seidel (Beatrice Hagmayer) is living on a ranch near Lincoln, Placer Co.

William Furber is living in Cloverdale.

Mamie Menihan is teaching in Oakland.

Albert Kleiser is practising Dentistry at Bakersfield.

Edna Elden is living in Wood, Kern Co.

## CLASS 1898

Mrs. Hiatt (Effie Shelford) is living in Healdsburg.

William Caldwell is living in Cloverdale.

Mrs. Wieland (Augusta Menke) is living in Oakland.

Mrs. Murray (Sallie Crigler) is living on a ranch near Cloverdale.

Arthur Cooley is living in San Francisco.

## CLASS 1900

Jessie Bentley is teaching in the Cloverdale Grammar School.

Mrs. Roberts (Alice Caldwell) is living in San Diego.

Mrs. Bowers (Amy McCausland) is living in Santa Rosa.

## CLASS 1901

Susie Elden is living in Portland, Ore.

Mrs. Bruning (Annie Koester) is living in Penngrove.

Mrs. Dittman (Zoe Levicy) is living in Berkeley.

## CLASS 1902

Nellie Shelford is a milliner in Healdsburg.

Mrs. Dewey (Lillian Daniels) is living at Fulton.

## CLASS 1903

Mrs. Yordi (Ethel Caldwell) is living in San Diego.

Mrs. Woodward (Margeret Menihan) is living in Berkeley.

Delia Elden is living in Berkeley.

Alice Porterfield is living in Berkeley.

Mrs. E. Lake (Susie Shelford) is living in San Jose.

## CLASS 1904

Hiram Casey is a lawyer in San Francisco. (Married).

## CLASS 1905

Mrs. F. Gorman (Marian Chase) is living in Portland, Ore.

Ada Thompson is at home.

## CLASS 1906

Mrs. McAbee (Ethel Lile) is living in Cloverdale.

Helen Chase is in New York City.



## CLASS 1907

Edith Cooley is at home.

## CLASS 1908

Mrs. Spencer (Pearl Pruitt) is living in San Francisco.

Mrs. Van Tassel (Nora Pruitt) is living in San Francisco.

Mrs. Imrie (Kate Cooley) is living in Cloverdale.

Mattie Elliott is teaching Domestic Science in San Jose.

Mrs. Adams (Emily Seymore) is living at Morgan Hill, Santa Clara, County.

Markell Baer is living in Berkeley.

Frank Sedgley is working for the Owl Drug Company, S. F.

## CLASS 1909

Mrs. C. Smith (Hazel Shelford) is living in Roseville.

## CLASS 1910

Cecil Gowan is teaching near Philo, Mendocino Co.

Hazel Browne is teaching near Colfax.

Faye Northcott is living at Trinity.

## CLASS 1911

Emma Sedgley is teaching in Cloverdale Grammar School.

Will McCabe is practising Dentistry in Oakland.

Dan Sink is a senior in the University of California.

Herbert Belford is at home.

## CLASS 1912

Mrs. O'Dell (Florence Lile) is living at Lodi.

W. T. Brush is attending a Dental College in San Francisco.

John Sink is working in San Francisco.

Lloyd Browne is living on a ranch near Colfax.

Frank Belford is at home.

## CLASS 1913

Nettie Beasley is attending the University of California.

Ruth Belcher is attending San Francisco Normal.

Mrs. Marion (Norma Hulbert) is living in Sebastopol.

Gertrude Ludwig is at home.

Maude Thompson is at home.

## CLASS 1914

Lucile Brush is attending San Francisco Normal.

John Cooley is attending University of California.

Chas. Grant is attending University of California.

Philipp Prell is attending University of California.

Zola Hotell is at home.



# DEBATING



J. Palmer Sedgley

Henry Barnes

Genevieve Fhelan



## Debating

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The first debating team organized in Cloverdale for many years was in 1913, with Charles Grant, John Cooley and Nettie Beasley, as members. For two years Cloverdale won every debate that she entered against Santa Rosa, St. Helena and Sonoma, thus becoming the champion of Sonoma, Napa, and Solano counties and winning the large silver trophy cup.

The 1914-1915 team was composed of Joty Sedgley, Genevieve Phelan, and Henry Barnes, with Erminie Wiedershem as substitute. On Nov. 21, the first debate of the season was held in Cloverdale, the participants, Cloverdale and Sonoma. The question for debate was, Resolved: That it would be the best interest of the state of California to adopt the eight hour amendment. This was upheld on the affirmative by Genevieve Phelan, Henry Barnes and Joty Sedgley of Cloverdale and on the negative by Gladys Simmons, Henry Waltz and Emery Ranker of Sonoma. Both teams showed excellent training. Cloverdale, especially, was complimented upon the skillful delivery and well arranged arguments. Sonoma had good material and the arguments were well brought out. Until after the close of the rebuttal, the audience, as well as the two teams, were held in suspense as to who would receive the laurels. Rev. Henry Ainsworth of Cloverdale, Rev. J. Henry Oehlhoff, of Sonoma, and A. A. Calkins, of Berkeley, were the judges. After the vote was taken, it was found that, by a very small margin, Sonoma had won the decision.

This left us out of the final race for the new cup. Still, knowing that one team must lose and feeling that we had put up a good fight, we went into other activities with the same vigor and enthusiasm that we had shown in entering the debates. Besides this, we continued our series of debates with other teams of the school.

The first of these was held at the regular meeting of the O. V. L. in December. The question was, Resolved: That Cloverdale should dispense with the services of a motor cop.



This was upheld, on the affirmative, by Henry Wiedersheim and Genevieve Phelan, on the negative, by Joty Sedgley and George Warren. This was a subject of great local interest and caused much excitement and enthusiasm. Both sides had well worked up and well arranged arguments and the delivery was, as usual, excellent. So close were the merits of the two teams that, when a vote of the Society was taken, the result was found to be a tie.

In January, the following question was up for debate, Resolved: That Domestic Science should be a required subject for all girls in high schools. This was discussed by Joty Sedgley, Lois McMichael and Clifton Newman on the affirmative and, on the negative, by Genevieve Phelan and Helen Carrie. This, too, was quite an interesting debate, but no judgment was taken on it.

On March 13, at the regular O. V. L. meeting, this question was debated upon, Resolved: That the poet is more influential, in shaping the destinies of nations than is the statesman. Zelma Eells and Erminie Wiedersheim, Pauline De Hay and Melvin Hall, all of whom showed a careful study of the question, did wonderfully well in bringing out the influence exerted upon nations by the representative men among poets and statesmen.

On April 5, the question for debate was, Resolved: That the State should furnish text books to high schools as well as to grammar schools. Madge Dellenbaugh took the negative and Pearl Thompson the affirmative. This debate was extremely interesting and was well written by both sides.

We have seen from those who took part in these minor debates that Cloverdale has an excellent supply of material for several terms. Next year we shall expect to have another cup to grace our new school house.







Thompson

Bassetti

Ahrens

Vadon

Sedgley



## Athletics

---



URING the past year Cloverdale has done more in track athletics than ever before. Of course, we have never won a meet but who could expect that of a school so small that we seldom have more than four men on the team? Even with this great disadvantage we have managed at every meet to win more points than many schools much larger than we are.

Soon after school opened last fall we started training. Our team was considerably weakened by the loss of Grant, our reliable quarter miler, who in past meets had always been a sure point winner for Cloverdale. This loss was partially made good by the appearance of two new men, Vadon and Newman, who, though Freshmen, proved valuable additions to the team. Newman soon proved his worth in the 440, while Vadon developed into a fast mile runner. In addition to these two, we still had two good men left from last year's team,—Ahrens, who is hard to beat in the sprints, and Thompson, who had won honors in the mile and half mile. These four made up the Cloverdale track team that started training at the beginning of the first semester.

We were greatly handicapped at the beginning by being forced to run on a hard road on account of the lack of a suitable track on which to train. This was especially hard on the men in the mile and the half mile as the course was only a quarter of a mile in length. It was, therefore, necessary in these races to turn around at the end of the course. We tried to remedy this in the second semester by constructing a track on the back of the school lot. This was some improvement over the road but it was only 150 yards in length and left much to be desired.

In spite of all these disadvantages, however, we managed to develop a team which showed up well in all the meets. The first meet of the season was that of the Northwestern Sub-league at Sebastopol, October 17th. Here Cloverdale took 12 points. Ahrens won first in the 220 yard dash, second in the 100 yard and fourth in the shot put, while Thompson took second in the mile. Although Newman and Vadon did not help in the scoring, they both finished well up toward the front in all their races.



A week later we went to the fall meet of the S. N. S. C. A. L. at St. Helena, where we were represented by the same four men with the addition of Sedgley, who came out for the sprints. We finished third, taking, in all, 31 1-2 points which were made up as follows: Aherns took first in the 100 yard, 220 yard and 440 yard dashes, while Thompson placed first in the mile and the half-mile. In addition to these five first places, Ahrens took fourth in the shot put, Newman finished fourth in the 440 and Vadon tied for fourth place in the mile. Ahrens, Sedgley, Thompson and Newman added four more points to our score by taking third in the relay. Ahrens won the distinction of being the highest individual point winner of the meet, taking 16 points for Cloverdale.

Cloverdale was represented at the meet of the P. P. I. E. by our old reliable—Captain Ahrens. He failed to take any points but finished well up in the front rank in the 220 yard dash.

When practice started in the spring Newman was missing from our team, having been compelled to leave school on account of sickness. The loss however, was made good by the addition of Bassetti, who came out for the sprints.

At the spring meet of the S. N. S. C. A. L. at Santa Rosa, May 1, we were represented by Ahrens, Thompson, Vadon and Bassetti. We were somewhat disappointed at the outcome, as Thompson, our crack mile runner, suffered a slight reversal of form and failed to place in his events. The scoring honors all went to Ahrens, who won first in the 220 and 440, second in the 100 and fourth in the shot put, taking fourteen points. This placed us sixth—not so bad as it might have been.

The last meet of the season was held at Ukiah May 15. We were represented by the same four who journeyed to Santa Rosa. Our team upheld their reputation by carrying off thirteen points. Ahrens took first in the 220, third in the 100 and fourth in the shot put, while Thompson took second in the 880 and third in the mile run.

Everything considered, we feel like congratulating ourselves on the success of our school in athletics this year. Our numbers and our equipment have always been against us but, in spite of these handicaps, we have consistently won honors in competition with much larger and better equipped schools. What we have lacked in numbers we have made up in determination. May we always be as successful as we have been the past year.





# EXCHANGE

SALINAS—"EL GABILAN." Your social notes are well written.. In your exchange department you confine yourself too much to the criticism of the stories. The pen and ink sketches are very commendable.

PETALUMA—"ENTERPRISE." You have an excellent book with lots of school spirit.

HANFORD—"JANUS." A fine paper. Don't you think it would be a good idea to have your athletic teams in uniform? You show good judgment in having articles of interest instead of stories.

SANTA ROSA—"ECHO." Why mix your joshes with the advertisements? Your literary department could be improved, but your cuts are excellent.

SPRING HILL—"PURPLE AND WHITE." You have a fine paper, although your cuts might be better.

SAN RAFAEL—"YE SEARCHLIGHT." You have devoted too much space to the literary department. With that exception, your paper is good.



YREKA—"WHITE AND GOLD." Your paper is splendid. It is well gotten up and the number of cuts make it very attractive.

HEALDSBURG—"YE SOTOYOMAN." Your paper is one you can well be proud of. Your jokes are especially good. Come again!

ANDERSON—"AURORA." The arrangement of your paper is very poor. In other respects it is splendid.

SONOMA—"THE GOLDEN BEAR." A fine paper but your lack of good cuts is a sad defect.

DIXON—"CHANTICLEER." A well arranged paper. Your social notes are especially interesting.

WATSONVILLE—"THE MANZANITA." April 1915. A few more cuts and a better grade of paper would make your book more attractive. Your literary department is good. "A Story of the Sea" is especially interesting.







If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age,  
Then laugh at the age of the jokes.—Ex.

---

*Miss B.* (Latin Class): "Folks! it's too quiet!"

---

Why does Prof. call his little son Coffee? (He keeps him awake nights).

---

*Will A.*: Did you see Myers yesterday, running all over on errands? (Ahrens). If he does that again, I'll beat him up."

*Fred.*: "How's that?"

*Will.*: "Huh, how would you like some one to run all over you?"

---

*Miss B.*: (Hist. III): "It's just like pulling teeth to get an answer out of you."

*Will.*: "Yeh, it hurts."

---

*Henry.* (in Algebra): "Interest on \$1000 for B years, at C% would be 1000 B. C."

*Mr. White.*: "That was a long time ago, Henry."



## A FEW FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS.

"I went to the Teachers' Institute," Prof. White remarked,  
But, from what we can learn, he hit the Zone on the start.

Prophesied Goldie, while sitting a bench,  
"You know girls it's necessary that I study French." (Fred).

"The Music," says Francis, "is my favorite art,  
And Mozart and Nevin have won my heart."

Yells Stanley in a whirl,  
"My new ring's a "Pearl."

"It's my night out!"  
Cries Peg when Ray's about.

Said Joty, "I came to great harm,  
When I tried to make love with my arm."

"Oh," said Bernice with a sigh,  
"A home and Jack I'll have bye and bye."

"Now people," said Genevieve, "You needn't scoff,  
I am sure a Maude Adams since I played, "A Night Off."

Ethel says, "Girls, from school let us steal;  
You bet I can run my own automobile."

Henry says Geometry's punk—  
Who knows but he may get the "flunk."

What's Christine's cry?  
"Why, Cavalli & Flynn's is where I buy." (Freddie).

Madge Dellenbaugh was never known to fail  
To say, "Oh! Gee! It's going to hail! (Haehl).

Miss B. (Hist. III): "Where did you look for "The Thirty  
Years' War?"

Geb.:—"West" (Modern History).

Will: "Huh! I looked in all directions and didn't see it."

Some people don't need to think they're teachers just because they have a pupil in their eye.



Way back in Nineteen-'leven,  
When Genevieve entered High,  
She kept striving for that haven,  
For that Senior seat on high.

By hard work and application,  
By studying day and night,  
She learned how men ruled nations  
And how Caesar used to fight.

But now to Berkeley she must go,  
On politics she is bent;  
And you'll read in the papers in a year or so,  
"Geb Phelan for President."

But soon must we say adieu  
To the Senior most beloved of all,  
To the Senior that's ever loyal and true,  
And the Senior that fond memories recall.

---

Miss Pierson, (German I): "Open your books and translate the first page on the Rhine."

---

#### QUESTION NO. 9999

A man entered May's drug store in a hurry and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Shall I put them in a box, Sir?" Harold M. asked, as he counted them out.

"Oh, no!," replied the customer, "I want to roll them home."

---

Miss B. (Hist. III):—"Frederick Barbarossa—where did he hail from?"

Joty—"He didn't hail; he reigned."

---

Prof. (in Algebra to Harry):—"How do you find the perimeter of a triangle?"

Harry:—"Oh, you add the four sides!"

---

Miss B.—(Eng. 1): "Is there anything going on up there?" (indicating forehead).

Homer: "Yes'm, they're having a big blow-out."



## CHARACTERIZATIONS.

Joty .....	Feet	Physics Class ....	Squabbling
Harold .....	Lois	Melvin .....	Hot Air
Henry B. ....	Socialism	Clara .....	Transformation
Goldie .....	Freddie	Harold M. ....	Sermonizing
Madge .....	7:15	Stanley .....	Pearls

---

Harold:—"Look at the new pupil chewing her fingers!"

Zelma:—"Well, what's the matter? would you like to chew them, too?"

---

Miss B:—"Do you think the time will come when men will do the cooking?"

Geb:—"Not in this world."

---

Prof.—"How dare you laugh at me, you young rascals!"

Pupils:—"We're not laughing at you, Sir."

Prof:—"Well, I don't know what else there is to laugh at."

---

Lady (to new cook):—"How long were you at your last place, and were you discharged?"

Cook:—"I never stay at a place long enough to get fired; I'm one of those fireless-cookers."

---

Miss B. (Hist. III):—"Miss Phelan, who was Oliver Cromwell?"

Geb: "I don't know! never saw him—not even his effigy."

Will:—"Huh, that's one misfortune he didn't have."

---

Christine:—"It was Melvin's head that did it."

Miss B. (criticising a drawing—she has not heard above remark): "It does look rather hollow."

---

Two college students were arraigned before the magistrate for hurdling the low spots in their motor car.

"Have you a lawyer?"

"We're not going to have a lawyer," answered the elder of the students. "We've decided to tell the truth."

---

Harold got a motorcycle,  
And took for a ride Lois McMichael  
The old machine got badly stuck  
And Lois went home in a motor truck.



## IN THE HALL OF FAME

Sentimental Tommy ..... Melvin Hall  
 Webster (Noah) ..... Will Ahrens (?)  
 Beau Brummel ..... Stanley  
 Seven Wonders of the World ..... Soph. Girls  
 Three Wise Men ..... Junior Boys  
 The Fourth One ..... Dewey  
 Shakespere ..... Henry B.

An awful accident happened at Humbert's Hall while practising the play—Pauline fell on Mr. White's neck.

Willie, get the dictionary!  
 (Nothing out of the ordinary.)  
 In every class it is the cry;  
 Poor Will'll be wise bye and bye.

Miss B.—“What is an inanimate object? Are you one, Homer?”

Homer, (very knowingly):—“Yes.”

In Drawing 1: Miss B. (contemplating one of Ethel's drawings): Ethel, don't you think your neck is a little bit too long?”

Christine:—Oh! I bumped my crazy bone.”

Raymond:—“I'm sorry you hit your head.”

Ethel:—“Speaking of relations, all of my people are tall on one side and fat on the other.”

Madge:—“Gee! I'd like to see one.”

Pauline:—“Did he apologize for kissing you?”

Lois:—“Several times.”

Miss B: (Hist III): “What happens when an administrative officer fails to do his duty?”

Clara:—“He gets arranged. (arraigned).”

Miss B. (in Hist. III):—“What were the Canon Laws?”

Geb.—“Oh, if the clergy didn't say that a certain church book was O. K., they'd can 'em.”

Helen:—“That sure was a cannin' law!”



## THE WORST YET.

Johnny handed the following note from his mother to the teacher one morning.

“Deare teacher! you keep tellin my boy to breathe with his diaframs. Maybe rich children got diaframs, but how about when there father only makes \$1.50 a day and has five children to keep? First it’s one thing—then it’s another, and now its diaframs, that’s the worst yet.”

---

Geb. (reciting in Hist. III) “The men on the English side fished with the French.”

Miss B. (to Helen who has not been paying attention) “What did Genevieve say Helen? The men of England fished with \_\_\_\_\_”

Helen:—“Oh! Yes, with fish-hooks!”

---

Miss Bagley: (to Homer who has been kept after school) “Get to work, Homer. You know I can do my work here as well as at home.

Homer:—“So can I.”

Miss B:—“Spading?”

Harold M. (to Homer) “I think you must be the ace of spades.”

Homer:—“Huh, you must be the joker.”

---

Coach to Mr. White (while practising the play) “Frown! don’t look so pleasant!”

Mr. White frowns threateningly.

Henry (aside) “That’s the way he looks at us in Geometry.”

Mr. White (having overheard remark), “That’s what makes me look that way Henry.”

---

## MAYBE AND MAYBE NOT.

“Yes,” said the young man who was showing the girl through the tea-house. “Just at present we are taking an inventory.”

“How interesting! and I suppose those men upon the ladders are the teetotalers. (tea-totalers).”

---

Miss B. (to H. Meyers, who is impersonating Shylock.)

“Harold, try to act the Jew.”

Homer—“Just act natural, Harold ”



## THE LAD FROM MARS

A lad from Mars, from the town of X,  
Got out his binocs and a pair of specs.  
And as he peered down through the azure sky,  
His gaze became fixed on Cloverdale Hi.

## 2

It was half past eight, by the Preston clock,  
Just time to the minute the doors to unlock,  
And as they swung open, M. Ludwig rushed in,  
So loaded with books, that his legs bent like tin.

## 3

He rushed to his desk, began cramming like mad,  
"Great Scott!" said the gazer, "what a studious lad."  
But all of a sudden, his vision was blurred,  
The building 'gan shake, as if greatly disturbed.

## 4

For the damsel that entered was so awfully wide,  
She filled up his glasses and flowed o'er the side.  
And the gazer murmured, as he watched her file past,  
"She sure is a whopper, although she's some class!"

## 5

At a quarter of nine, through the gateway there came  
A lad of a powerful physique and frame,  
His brow was high, but his eye beneath  
Had about as much flash as a rooster's teeth.

## 6

The "General" feared that he'd get the boot,  
For his German lesson was "Nicht sehr gut"  
And he felt in his heart, that his goat would go sure,  
If Miss Bagley asked him for judicature.

## 7

A light step outside, a flash, and a smile,  
"The Goddess of Beauty's back on earth for a while,"  
The watcher murmured, his eyes spread wide,  
"Just look how that room's changed on the inside."

## 8

What a face! what a form, of grace—what an air,  
The beauty of beauties, the fairest one there!  
The poor dub's to be pitied, 'tho 'tis hard to keep cool,  
When his idol is with us, (when Helen's at school.)



## 9

Of a sudden a shout is heard from outside,  
"Two down! Fritz, my lad, and the score is tied,"  
"Ball One! Strike one! Gee! that was too wide,"  
"Kill the Ump.," says the gazer, "J. P. is crosseyed."

## 10

Just one grad. this year, my what a pity!  
She'll probably end up in a flat in the city,  
With five furnished rooms, a couple of cats,  
A poodle, a husband, and a fondness for hats.

## 11

The History III class, I've observed several times,  
They're chuck full of mischief of ten different kinds;  
The boys are the limit, the girls not much better;  
If I were their teacher, I'd teach 'em by letter.

## 12

The boy from Mars, from the town of X,  
Folded his glasses, and took off his specs,  
He sighed, "Well, I certainly hope when I die,  
They'll send me to Heaven 'stead of Cloverdale Hi."

---

TROUBLES OF AN ACTOR

Tell me not in honeyed accents  
Of the actor's easy life,  
Drawing down a whopping salary,  
Knowing not hard work or strife;  
Eating lobsters, drinking champagne,  
Earning plaudits long and loud,  
Being somewhat of a high brow,  
Although mingling with the crowd;

For this life is full of pitfalls,  
Something fierce, believe it me!  
And its nothing but rehearsing,  
'Till your brains buzz like a bee,  
'Tis an awful thing in midyear  
To begin to learn a play,  
For the many slighted lessons  
Point but to a reckoning day.



Miss B. (Latin I, after Harry had made a correct explanation.)

“There you have it all in a nut-shell!”

Harry—“Hum! Some compliment to my head!”

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#### LEARNING FAST.

Harold, just home from the Exposition came into the farmhouse kitchen. He had just seen Uncle Rufus picking a chicken for dinner.

“Oh, Aunt Sue! “he cried as he entered, “You ought to see what uncle is doing; he’s out in the shed husking a hen.”

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#### ELEGANT DISCOURSE.

“I want to be procrast’nated at de nex co-ner,” said Mr. Erastus Pinkley to the street car conductor.

“You want to be what?” exclaimed the conductor.

“Don’ lose yo’ temper. I had to look in de dictionary myse’f befo’ I found dat. It means to put off.”

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There is a cute kid named DeHay  
Who surprised the whole town in our play.  
She caused a commotion  
By so much emotion;  
“Experience,” did somebody say?

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There is a young lady named Carrie  
Who, take it from us, is some fairy;  
She has a hope chest  
That is full of the best,  
And she hopes that some day she will marry.

---

There is a young fellow named Barnes,  
He’s a wizard at telling big yarns;  
As an actor, he’s better  
Than a fish or game getter,  
As a poet, he’s not worth a darn.



## "Owed" To The Business Man



Here's to you, Mr. Business Man,  
You've put our effort through;  
You've aided us in every way,  
We'll do as much for you.

We know it's hard at times to pay  
A good price for an ad,  
And yet you've acted loyally  
And made the Staff feel glad.

You make this paper possible,  
You help to foot the bill,  
We know you'll get your money's worth;  
You've gained the school's good will.

And, all you gentle readers, as  
These pages now you scan,  
Just notice who has backed us up  
And help that Business Man.



Aug. 23—School opens—What a bunch of Freshies!

# SAFETY FIRST

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Sure, always,  
when you buy  
“Quality Groceries”

## Cavalli & Flynn

CLOVERDALE

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CALIFORNIA

Aug. 24.—General Ahrens shoves Conner into high school—he  
lights, feet up.



Sept. 1.—Big scare—Initiation—many pale Freshmen.

Compliments of

# The Emporium

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CLOVERDALE'S  
LEADING  
STORE

## To FORD BUYERS

It is now almost a certainty that the Ford Motor Co. will manufacture and sell the required number of cars (300,000) which entitles every buyer a rebate of from \$40 to \$60, who has purchased a car between the dates of August, 1914, to August, 1915. The price of the Touring car is \$565. and the Runabout \$515., f. o. b. Healdsburg. Place your order now with

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Healdsburg Auto Company

Sept. 5.—O. V. L. Meeting. Geb elected President.



Sept. 16.—Freshman Reception.



CLOCKS  
CUT GLASS  
SILVERWARE

GEO. WESTON

Optician

PARISIAN IVORY  
JEWELRY  
WATCHES

DR. W. C. SHIPLEY

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Office, Dineen's Pharmacy

Residence

Phone 23

Phone 362

CLOVERLEAF PHARMACY

Manufacturers of

CLOVERLEAF TOILET CREAM

CLOVERLEAF TOILET BLEACHING POWDER

CLOVERLEAF CATARRH REMEDY

Oct. 9.—Great Debate at school. George loses voice—Heinie, his nerve. Sedg carries off honors.



Oct. 17.—N. W. L. Field Meet at Sebastopol. Cloverdale makes 12 points.

## PAUL KEESAW

THE POPULAR BARBER

U. S. Hotel Bldg.

Cloverdale, Cal.



**"TWO SOULS WITH  
BUT A SINGLE  
THOUGHT"**

and that thought is the goodness of Beaulieu's ice cream. Multiply the two many hundreds of times and you'll have some idea of the number of people what have tried Beaulieu's cream and now will have no other. Suppose you try it today. There cannot be a better time to commence enjoying one of the finest of refreshments. A Fresh Line of ———

**LEHNHARDT'S CANDIES** Received Weekly

"One of the firm has changed her name  
But it remains "BEAULIEU'S just the same."

**FOR A FIRST CLASS SHAVE OR HAIR-CUT**

Go to

**McABEE'S BARBER SHOP**

Three doors South of Bank

Nov. 6.—O. V. L. Reporters called to account.



Nov. 21.—League Debate. Sonoma vs. Cloverdale.

## CLOVERDALE HOTEL

J. A. SWINDELL



Meals at All Hours

Lodgings

## SMOKE?

### AHREN'S SMOKE SHOP

CIGARS — CIGARETTES — TOBACCO

Manufacturer of LA FLORIDAD CIGARS

Cloverdale, Calif.

R. F. Green, Manager

F. H. Mason, Millman

## Cloverdale Lumber Yard

AND

## Planing Mill

Lake Street

Phone, Cloverdale 403

## A. W. KRUSE

EXPRESS ——— TRANSFER

Wood For Sale

Cloverdale, Cal.

Phone 852

Nov. 25.—Sophs produce play, "What's Up."



Dec. 4.—Debate on Domestic Economy.

## **ERNEST SESSO**

**LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR**

**GENTS' FURNISHINGS**

Pinschower Bldg.

Cloverdale, Cal.

## **HULBERT'S CYCLERY**

**BICYCLE REPAIRING**



West Street near Railroad Ave.

Cloverdale.

## **CLOVERDALE FREE ICE DELIVERY BRANDT BROS.**



Headquarters at Kruse's Express Office

Phone 852

Cloverdale, Calif.

Dec. 18.—School closes for Christmas vacation.



Jan. 8.—New Constitution created for O. V. L. Society.

# E. A. COOLEY



FURNITURE

PICTURES

CARPETS

RUGS

LINOLEUM

MATTING

VACUUM CLEANING

WALL PAPER

Cloverdale, Calif.

## IN TROUBLE?

CALL UP

## CLOVERDALE GARAGE

GEO. F. WARREN, Prop.

Agents for Studebaker Automobiles

Phone 222

Cloverdale, Cal.

## WOODCOCK & MURRAY



BLACKSMITHING AND

WAGON MAKING

Broad Street

Cloverdale,

Jan. 8.—Election of officers. Sedg becomes President.



Jan. 22.—Sedg gets cold feet (his first O. V. L. Meeting).

## **DR. W. M. BILLINGS**

**DENTIST**

Hours: 9 A. M. to 12 M., 1 to 4:30 P. M.

PHONE 282

Office, Carico Bldg., West St.

Cloverdale

## **MAY'S DRUG STORE**

(The Man Who Made Good)

**PURE, FRESH DRUGS**

Phone 532.

Cloverdale, Calif.

## **CLOVERDALE MEAT MARKET**



**GEO. E. BRUSH, Prop.**

## **CLOVERDALE BAKERY AND Confectionery Store**

**HOME MADE BAKERY GOODS  
FRESH EVERY DAY**

**Mrs. E. B. Thompson, Prop.**

Feb. 12.—Field Meet at St. Helena—Nick takes three first places; Hata, two.



Feb. 24.—Sedg gets a new pair of shoes. Size—ask him.

## San Francisco Business College

Leading school on the Pacific Coast, teaching Gregg  
Shorthand exclusively

Complete Commercial Course with "Rowe's Bookkeeping and Accountancy." The latest and most authoritative work on this subject. Down town location—Positions secured for all graduates.

When you come to the exposition come and see us.

908 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

A. Rochfort

Cloverdale, Calif.

## U. S. HOTEL

THE LEADING HOTEL IN  
NORTHERN SONOMA CO.

Headquarters for Tourists

Special Accommodation for Commercial Travelers

Large Sample Rooms

THE FAMOUS

## Alder Glenn Mineral Water

Bottled at the Springs

Buy a Bottle to Use in Lemonade

A. Serres, Prop.

3 Miles North of Town

Mar. 6.—School invests in a javelin.



March 17.—Three orations by Wat, Ketchel, and Nick: "Hard, hard, indeed, was the struggle for Independence!"



—CLASSMATE—

### THE WINNING HIGH SCHOOL CLOTHES

Designed particularly for young men who seek distinctiveness in style and perfection in fit.

You'll find an immense assortment of this popular brand of young men's clothes in our store.

Attractive Spring Styles in the smartest models, reasonably priced. We specialize on suits for Graduation. Fine weave, all wool blue serge suits. Box Back; Semi-fitted or English Models. Price at \$12.50 and upwards.

Send us your mail orders.

**Rosenberg & Bush, Inc.**

Outfitters for the Family

Healdsburg, Calif.

Tubes  
Tires  
Accessories

Renting  
Staging  
Draying

### THE B & B GARAGE

AND MACHINE SHOP

Phone 612

Cloverdale, Calif.

Office Phone 303

Residence 682

**DR. M. H. DONALD**

DENTIST

Office Holloway Building

Cloverdale

March 22.—First practice for "A Night Off."



Apr. 2.—Accident at Opera House—Pauline fell on Prof.'s neck.

# 13 YEP Thirteen



Is a lucky number in Cloverdale, for it  
stands for a good place to buy the eats.



## W. J. Pierson & Son

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

FLOUR and FEED

PHONE 13

Cloverdale, - - - California

Apr. 4.—Easter. Population of town increased.



April 8.—Henry's moustache disappears.

## **CLOVERDALE MILLINERY**

**FINE SELECTION OF LADIES' AND  
CHILDRENS HATS**

MRS. VON HELLMAN, Prop.

Weston Building

Cloverdale, Calif.

## **Four Stores in One**

DRY GOODS  
CLOTHING

WOMEN'S WEAR  
MILLINERY

## **THE WHITE HOUSE**

Santa Rosa, Calif.

Electric Wiring and  
Supplies of all kinds

Agent for the Aermotor  
Windmill and Pump

## **O. C. Williams**

**SANITARY PLUMBING**



We install pumping plants of all kinds for  
irrigation purposes

Phone Main 593

Cloverdale, Cal.

April 16.—“A Night Off.” Great success.



April 20.—“Life in Cloverdale.” Did you see Merle, Geb, and Madge?

# Bank of Cloverdale

(COMMERCIAL)



CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$75,000.

4 Per Cent. ON TERM DEPOSITS

INTEREST PAYABLE SEMI-ANNUALLY.

# FIRE INSURANCE



NONE BETTER THAN

AETNA

ROYAL

HARTFORD

C. L. SEDGLEY, Agent

Office at Bank

Cloverdale, California

April 26.—Lecture on “How to Behave,” by Miss Pierson in English II.



April 28.—Stanley breaks record. He isn't sent out of Latin until 15 minutes after period begins.

"The exceptional care given by **EPH. WEISS**, in prescribing lenses for defective eyesight is rewarded by the general satisfaction which his patients pronounce. Quietly located upstairs in the Whitney Bldg., 133 Geary St., San Francisco, where good work is less costly."

## NOVELTY THEATRE

MOVIES

VAUDEVILLE

HIGH CLASS ATTRACTIONS AT ALL  
TIMES

## Printing

The kind that gives  
Satisfaction at a  
Price that is consist-  
ent with the Quality.

**THE PETALUMA ARGUS**

Petaluma

-

-

-

-

-

-

California

May 1.—Field Meet at Santa Rosa. Auto-stage load goes from town. General makes 14 points individually.



May 3.—Miss Bagley goes for auto ride. Her aunt chaperons however.

# Reinforced Concrete

I am prepared to do Concrete Work of every description.

## **REINFORCED CONCRETE A SPECIALTY**

Remember that anything properly built of Steel and Concrete is everlasting, grows stronger with age, will not burn, will never need repairs.

**ESTIMATES FURNISHED!**

**C. A. THOMPSON**

Cloverdale, Calif.

# Barcal Mineral Water For Lemonade



BOTTLED AT PRESTON, SONOMA COUNTY

May 5.—“Our Senior” sets bad example—History class decreases temporarily.



May 8.—New remedy discovered for obstinate Freshies—Marsh-  
mallows

# Imrie & McClelland

---



Headquarters for  
**Groceries,**  
**Hardware,**  
**Feed,**  
**Paints,**  
**Oils**



---

It will Pay You to Investigate our **PROFIT  
SHARING PLAN**, And Ask for the **Yellow  
Coupons** Given with **Cash Purchases**.

May 10.—Examiner arrives. Nick—"I don't get cha!" Exam-  
iner—"I beg pardon?"



May 11.—Sedg breaks window—Two-bits please.

# Armstrong's

---

**HARDWARE, STOVES, IMPLEMENTS**

Agricultural Implements, Paints and Oils,  
Crockery and Glassware, Granite Ware,  
Wool Growers' Supplies, Sporting Goods.

---

If you go fishing or hunting don't forget to get  
your license from us and all the other things that go  
with it.

West Street, near Broad

Cloverdale, Cal.

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Postoffice Box 38.

Full Weight  
Prompt Service.

## Kerrison Bros. & Frates

The Price Makers

Hay, Grain, Flour, Feed, Potatoes, Sulphur,  
and Wood.

Hayward Barn, Lake and Main Streets

Cloverdale, Calif.

PHONE 1002.

---

May 12.—Miss Bagley opens "After School" department.



May 13.—What was the joke in History III? (Some one must have been under the influence of laughing gas!)



## BUSTER BROWN SHOES

At A. C. KOESTER'S

High Grade Repairing

## Dineen's Pharmacy

KODAKS

STATIONERY

THE DEBATING, TRACK, AND STAFF PHOTOS  
IN THIS PAPER, TAKEN BY THE  
PHOTOGRAPHER IN OUR  
STORE

SUPERIOR DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

May 14.—Wonder why Miss Bagley enjoys so many walks?  
“I don't know—alaska.”



May 15.—Ukiah Field Meet. Fritz is mobbed. “That fat guy swiped our colors.”

## **Notice to the Housewife**

EXTRA LOW RATES GIVEN ON

### **FAMILY WASH**

at

**CLOVERDALE DOMESTIC LAUNDRY**

West Street

Phone 392.

A high grade of work assured on all

**DYING**

**CLEANING**

**PRESSING**

## **Employers of Help** **Attention**

PROTECT YOURSELVES BY TAKING OUT  
LIABILITY INSURANCE WITH

### **DUNN & HUMBERT**

Real Estate, Notary Work, Insurance

May 15.--What made Goldie lose her hat out of the train window?



May 18.—Don't you think Raymond Is-a-belle?



**BURBANK  
COMPOSITION  
BOOKS**

Spelling Blanks and Note  
Books are Big Values and  
should be used in every  
school.

**C. A. WRIGHT & CO., Inc.**  
Santa Rosa, Cal.

**"SHOOT A GAME WITH ME"**

WHAT SHALL IT BE POOL OR BILLIARDS?

**Slover's Billiard Parlor**

Cigars and Tobacco

J. E. SLOVER, Prop.

Cloverdale, Cal.

**BARKER'S LIVERY STABLE**



FOR FIRST CLASS RIGS

H. I. BARKER, Prop.

**W. V. SEWARD**

**WATCHES**

**PARISIAN IVORY**

**CLOCKS**

**Jewelry**

**High Grade Repeating**

**Cut Glass**

May 29.—Geyser picnic. Not enough lunch for Conner.



May 30.—Decoration Day. Caesar's face grows paler as ex's draw nearer.

ILLUSTRATIONS  
FOR CATALOGUES  
BOOKLETS, FOLDERS  
NEWSPAPER ADS  
AND

*Cuts*

  
TRADE MARK

FOR ALL  
ADVERTISING  
PURPOSES

SEE  
COMMERCIAL ART CO.  
53 THIRD ST., S.F.  
PHONES KEARNY 5224-5225

June 1.—Resolution passed by entire school—"We're going to study next year." 'Tis ever thus!



June 3.—Graduation. “Farewell and Good Luck to our Senior.”

**LAST** in the Book

—BUT—

**FIRST** in Quality

—IN—



**Dry Goods  
Clothing  
Furnishings  
Shoes**



**H. G. GRANT**

WEST STREET

Cloverdale, Calif.

June 4.—Senior Dance.



